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AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of *BURLINGTON.*

Occasion'd by his Publishing PALLADIO's Designs of the BATHS, ARCHES, THEATRES, &c. of Ancient ROME.

By Mr: *POPE.*

LONDON:

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Reviſed, deſigned, and publiſhed by GIACOMO LEONI, A Venetian, Architect to his moſt Serene Highneſs the late Elector Palatine.

Tranſlated from the Italian Original.

With Notes and Remarks by INIGO JONES; now firſt taken from his Original MSS. in Worceſter College Library, Oxford.

And alſo an Appendix, containing the Antiquities of Rome, written by A. PALLADIO, and a Diſcourſe of the Fires of the Ancients, never before tranſlated.

Printed for T. Oſborne, in Gray's-Inn; A. Millar, in the Strand; W. Johnſton, in Ludgate-Street; B. Law, in Avemary-Lane; and T. Wilkie, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

Monday: Dec: 3: 1753. Died at his House in Picadilly aged upwards of: 66: He Right Hon.ble the Earl of Burlington Born: 25: April 1695.

Salmon's Short-View: 1751:

pa: 92. 93.

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of *BURLINGTON.*

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Care employ
To *gain* thoſe Riches he can ne'er *enjoy*:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould *waſte*
His Wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can *taſte*?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats,
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for *Topham* Drawings, and Deſigns;
For *Pembrooke* Statues, dirty Gods, and for *Curio* Coins,
Rare Monkiſh Manuſcripts for *Hearne* alone,
And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloan*.
Think

a. Mr. Thomas Hearne of B Oxford.

b. Dr. Richard Mead. M.D.

c. Sir Hans Sloane. Bart.

Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore.

Virro

" For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
" Only to ſhew *how many* Taſtes he wanted.
" What brought Sir *Shylock*'s ill-got Wealth to waſte?
" Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "*Knights* ſhou'd have a *Taſte*."
Heav'n viſits with a *Taſte* the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod, but *S——d* with a Rule.
See ſportive Fate, to puniſh aukward Pride,
Bids *Bubo* build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding Sermon! at each Year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence.

To gain thole Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer,
A certain Truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte — 'Tis *Senſe*:
Good Senſe, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the Seven.
A Light, which in *yourſelf* you muſt perceive;
* *Jones* and † *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

* Inigo Jones † *The famous Artiſt who deſign'd the beſt Gardens in* France; *and plann'd* Greenwich *and St.* James's *Parks*, &c.

To

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let *Nature* never be forgot.
Conſult the *Genius* of the *Place* in all,
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling Theatres the Vale,
Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades,
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, *Deſigns*.

Begin with *Senſe*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſw'ring Parts, ſhall ſlide into a Whole,
Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
Start, ev'n from *Difficulty*, ſtrike, from *Chance*;
Nature ſhall join you; *Time* ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a * Stow.

Without it, proud *Verſailles*! thy Glory falls,
And *Nero*'s Terraſſes deſert their Walls:

* *The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viſcount* Cobham *in* Buckinghamſhire.

The vaſt *Parterres* a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! *Bridgman* comes, and floats them with a *Lake*:
Or cut wide *Views* thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your Hill, and ſhelter'd Seat, again.

Behold *Villario*'s ten-years Toil compleat,
His *Quincunx* darkens, his Eſpaliers meet,
The Wood ſupports the Plain; the Parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
His bloomy Beds a waving Glow diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright Diverſities of Day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring Rills mæander'd o'er —
— Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;
Tir'd of the Scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd *Sabinus* ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thick'ning Shade,
With annual Joy the red'ning Shoots to greet,
And ſee the ſtretching Branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner *Viſta* loves,
Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's Groves,

One *boundleſs Green* or *flouriſh'd Carpet* views,
" With all the mournful Family of *Yews*; "
The thriving Plants ignoble Broomſticks made
Now ſweep thoſe Allies they were born to ſhade.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloth'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants *Bread*
The Lab'rer bears; What thy hard Heart denies,
Thy charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another Age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown thy Slope, and nod on thy Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all thy Pride has plann'd,
And laughing *Ceres* re-aſſume the Land.

At *Timon*'s *Villa* let us paſs a Day,
Where all cry out, "What Sums are thrown away!
So proud, ſo grand, of that ſtupendous Air,
Soft and *Agreeable* come never there.
Greatneſs, with *Timon*, dwells in ſuch a Draught
As brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought:
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down;

a. The inſpired pſalmiſt: C Speaking of a Who —ſays it— "

b. Dean Swift's Gulliver's Travels: —
it alſo ſeems a Parody on Milton's Il Penſeroſo —:
"and bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes." —

Who but muſt laugh the Maſter when he ſees?
A puny Inſect, ſhiv'ring at a Breeze!
Lo! what huge Heaps of Littleneſs around!
The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground!
Two *Cupids* ſquirt before: A Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern Wind.
His *Gardens* next your Admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildeneſs to perplex the Scene:
" Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a Brother,
" And half the Platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring Eye inverted Nature ſees,
" Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,"
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no Shade.
Here *Amphitrite* ſails thro' Myrtle bow'rs;
Then † *Gladiators* fight, or die, in flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping Sea-horſe mourn,
And Swallows rooſt in *Nilus*' duſty Urn.

† *The two famous Statues of the* Gladiator pugnans, & Gladiator moriens.

Behold!

Behold! my Lord advances o'er the Green,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft — by regular approach — not yet —
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terras ſweat,
" And when up ten ſteep Slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
" Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your Eyes.

His *Study?* with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,
Theſe *Aldus* printed, thoſe *Du Suëil* has *bound.*
Lo ſome are *Vellom,* and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are *Wood.*
For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe Shelves admit not any Modern book.

And now the Chappel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light Quirks of Muſick, broken and uneven,
Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of *Verrio,* or *Laguerre,*

On

On gilded Clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your Eye.[a]
To Reſt, the Cuſhion, and ſoft *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite.

But hark! the chiming Clocks to Dinner call;
A hundred Footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
And gaping *Tritons* ſpew to waſh your Face.
Is this a Dinner? this a Genial Room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,
You drink by Meaſure, and to Minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying Courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there:
Between each Act the trembling Salvers ring,
From Soup to Sweetwine, and *God bleſs the King*.
In Plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in State,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride, from Morn to Eve;
I curſe

a Manifest Imitation of Milton's Sin Peryforce
and Bring all Heaven before mine Eyes. N

b See Don Quixote. N

I curſe ſuch laviſh Coſt, and little Skill,
And ſwear, no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.

In you, my *Lord*, Taſte ſanctifies Expence,
For Splendor borrows all her Rays from Senſe.
You ſhow us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous Buildings once were things of uſe.
Juſt as they are, yet ſhall your noble Rules
Fill half the Land with *Imitating Fools*,
Who random Drawings from your Sheets ſhall take,
And of one Beauty many Blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric State;
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd Doghole ek'd with Ends of Wall,
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
And lac'd with bits of Ruſtic, 'tis a Front:
Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door;
Conſcious they act a true *Palladian* part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by Rules of Art.

Yet thou proceed; be fallen Arts thy care,
Erect new Wonders, and the Old repair,
Jones[a] and *Palladio*[b] to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er *Vitruvius*[c] was before:
Till Kings call forth th' Idea's of thy Mind,
Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,
Bid Harbors open, publick Ways extend,
And Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy *Kings*.

---

a. Inigo Jones / Architect / [Walpole's Anecdotes.

b A: Palladio / Architect.

FINIS.

D

Yet

c Viteruvius / Architect

in Surrey.

[Salmon's Antiq.s of Surrey: 1736 pa: 193.